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## The Watering Places.

No. III.

WEST COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.



Few places of public resort during the summer present more attractions than the Isle of Wight, on the coast of Hampshire. It is at a convenient distance from the metropolis, is of easy access both from Portsmouth and Southampton, and combines many of the charms of antiquity with the beauties of nature. The air of this island, particularly in the higher southern parts, is extremely salubrious; instances of longevity among the inhabitants are frequent, and the general appearance of health and vigour among the humbler classes of them, sufficiently prove the importance of the island to those who wish to retain or recover a blessing so inestimable. The fertility of the island, which has been much increased of late years by an improved system of agriculture, has long been celebrated, and its annual produce is equal to three times its consumption.

The inhabitants of this island are honest and industrious, and the females have been the object of much admiration. "Here," says a writer in 1792, "beauty has its exquisite triumphs, and in witnessing these, the market and gala days of Newport (the capital) have often de-

tained the stranger's eye with complacency and pleasure."

West Cowes, of which our engraving is a very spirited view, though not the principal town, is the chief port in the island. It is situated on the declivity of the hill, on the west side of the river Medina, near its influx into the sea, which renders the approach to it from Southampton or Portsmouth extremely pleasing. It has an excellent harbour, and ships can turn out of it either to the east or west. Large fleets of merchantmen frequently ride off here for several weeks in time of war, waiting for convoy; and the town enjoys a good trade for the sale of provisions, and other things necessary for the sea-service. Though the lower parts of the town are crowded, yet its more elevated parts are so delightfully situated, both for purity of air and beauty of prospects, that many gentlemen of the navy, to whom this place is peculiarly convenient, have shown a predilection for it. Nor is it to the gentlemen of the navy alone that West Cowes has recommended itself as a favourite residence; others also have been charmed with the many beautiful situations on the hill, and near

the castle, where several handsome houses are continually building.

It is in this quarter of the town that lodgings are most sought for, and that villas are continually rising, some of which are most delightfully situated. A moving scene of ships, a pure marine air, and a pleasant beach to walk on, are among some of the local advantages which this place presents to visitors.

The bathing-machines are placed near this spot, in the vicinity of the castle; and from the manner in which they are constructed, and the position they occupy, a person may safely commit himself to the bosom of Neptune, at almost any state of the tide. Here is also a hot salt-water bath, which is in frequent requisition.

Hitherto a few bathing-machines have been found sufficient for the company, particularly as many gentlemen walk along the sequestered beach, towards what is called Egypt, and commit themselves to the waves, without any ceremony; but, from the increasing resort of people of fashion to Cowes, it is probable additional accommodations will be wanted, and, no doubt, will be liberally supplied.

An Assembly-room is the only public place of concourse; but, to many, this circumstance is not unpleasant, as there is less occasion for dress and ceremony, and more leisure for every one to amuse himself according to his own fancy.

There are three inns at West Cowes, all affording excellent accommodation; and there are also numerous lodging-houses, suited to the purses and wishes of the various classes of visitors.

The town of West Cowes has of late been considerably improved, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, passed in 1816: a convenient market-house and shambles built, which afford a good supply of meat, fish, and vegetables of all kinds, daily; a great convenience to inhabitants and strangers. Lord Grantham, Sir John Cox Hippisley, and Mr. Bennett, have also erected beautiful marine-villas along the beach, particularly Sir J. C. Hippisley on the parade. The town of West Cowes contains upwards of 3,000 inhabitants. It has recently become the scene of attraction, by the establishment of a yacht club, of which his Majesty is a member, with several Noblemen and Gentlemen, in number about 60; this annual Regatta generally takes place about August or September. Visitors from the neighbouring counties, and distant sea-ports, may be recognized on our shores, viewing the novelty of the scenery. It is supposed that upwards of 200 vessels of different descriptions are usually present.

There is a mail for London every day made up at four in the evening, and arrives about eleven or twelve in the morning. Packets to and from Southampton and Portsmouth regularly every day. Also a very elegant steam packet, which goes to and from Cowes to Southampton twice every day during the summer season. Coaches also to and from Newport and Ryde, daily.

On the right of the road leading from West Cowes to Newport, stands a picturesque cottage, in the Swiss taste, constructed by General Whitelocke, and lately purchased by George Ward, Esq. It is thatched with straw, has a lawn and shrubbery in front, and exhibits a very romantic and pleasing effect.

On the summit of the hill, stands Bellevue-house, very elegant, and recently built, and highly ornamented by G. Ward, Esq., commanding the richest prospects of wood and water. Other handsome buildings have likewise been erected here lately: on the hill is a large chapel of ease to the mother church of Northwood; there is also a presbyterian meeting-house, and a methodist chapel, likewise a beautiful chapel for the use of the Roman Catholics, which makes a conspicuous appearance from the hill above East Cowes.

Cowes Castle, which was erected by Henry VIII. stands on the west side of the Medina, near the bathing machines; and though useless as a place of defence, still maintains a captain, one master, and five other gunners. A sentry is always on duty here; but it would be difficult to point out what he has to guard, unless it be the bathers' clothes.

West Cowes is a hamlet belonging to the parish of Northwood, two miles distant, and has a chapel, which being built on a bold elevation, makes a handsome appearance on approaching the harbour.

The harbour of Cowes, for its safety and convenience, is much frequented by ships; but before the American war, it was more generally resorted to than since, particularly by vessels from South Carolina and Georgia. At a private dock here, many ships of war have been built. On the opposite shore of the river, with which there is a communication by a ferry, stands East Cowes, which was formerly protected by a castle, but of which not a wreck now remains. At this place there have been recently erected some houses, which afford genteel accommodations to visitors.

In addition to these, there is an extensive and well-arranged hotel for families and visitors in general. This house is

delightfully situated on the Quay, commanding an open view of Cowes harbour, and the roadstead; and boats are always in attendance, on the arrival of a packet, to convey passengers to Cowes or elsewhere.

Within half a mile of the hotel, is the Castle at Norris, designed by Wyatt, for Lord Henry Seymour. This charming residence is most admirably situated. Of itself, it is a beautiful object, and the views from it are picturesque in no common degree. There is also another fine house, the property of Mr. Nash, the architect, with several elegant buildings. The walks and rides about this place are very fine, and present many picturesque beauties.

Although the Isle of Wight is so small a place, that he must be a hasty, incurious, or indolent visitor that does not see the whole of it, yet there are three excursions more immediately made from West Cowes deserving of notice. The first is to the westward.

	Miles.
From Cowes to Gurnard's-bay . . .	2
Rue Street . . . . .	1
Thorness . . . . .	2½
Newtown . . . . .	4
Shalfleet . . . . .	1
Swainston . . . . .	3
And back to Cowes . . .	7

*Gurnard's Bay* is remarkable for being the place where Charles II. landed when he visited Sir Robert Holmes, the governor, at Yarmouth. A very fine and romantic view is presented to the eye from the hills above Gurnard's Bay.

*Newtown*, formerly called *Franchiseville*, was destroyed by the French in the reign of Richard II., and being rebuilt, was named *Newtown*. The traces of a very large town are to be discovered; but in its present state it scarcely deserves the name of a village, not containing more than about ten cottages, with a proportional number of inhabitants. It still, however, preserves a corporation of mayor and burgesses, and has a town-hall; but this body does not consist of the inhabitants of the place, but of the proprietors of certain burgh-tenures, which entitle them to a vote in the choice of two members of parliament. *Newtown* has sent members since the 27th year of Elizabeth.

The town-hall stands on an eminence that overlooks one of the creeks of the harbour. Parties carrying their provisions may be accommodated at the house. In the great room are some oaken chairs, curiously carved, the workmanship of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The haven of *Newtown* is a most de-

sirable place for shipping, and affords the best security of any about the island.—At high water it is capable of receiving vessels of five hundred tons.

*Shalfleet* has a neat Gothic church, which has suffered greatly by the corroding hand of time, and wanton dilapidation.

The next excursion is across the water to the eastward.

	Miles.
To East Cowes . . . . .	1
Osborne and Barton . . . .	1½
Brockwood . . . . .	1
Wootton . . . . .	1
Wootton Bridge . . . . .	1
Quarr-abbey . . . . .	2
Whippingham back by	
Alverston . . . . .	4
West Cowes . . . . .	3

Another excursion is a ride from Cowes up the west side of the river to Newport, and down the east side of it to East Cowes.

	Miles.
From Cowes to Northwood . .	2½
Newport . . . . .	2½
Cross the water to Fairlie .	1
Whippingham . . . . .	3
East Cowes . . . . .	2
Cowes . . . . .	1

To these excursions we ought to add a voyage round the island, which is made in a day by the steam-boats, and is as delightful a treat as can well be conceived. An active visitor will not, however, rest satisfied with these, but will visit Ryde, Newport, Yarmouth, Appuldurcombe, the Needles, and particularly Carisbrook Castle, where the ill-fated Charles I. was imprisoned.

It is but justice to observe, that for this account we are principally indebted to *Albin's Companion to the Isle of Wight*, and the *Guide to the Watery Places*. The engraving is, however, from an original drawing.

## DEATH AND FUNERAL OF BONAPARTE.

IN LETTERS FROM AN OFFICER TO HIS MOTHER.

(For the Mirror.)

(Concluded from our last.)

“*Thursday, May 10.*—We yesterday interred the remains of Bonaparte with military honours. The funeral I will describe as well as I can. In the first place you must understand the figure of the ground near Longwood. The island, generally speaking, is composed of high and narrow ridges of hills, running, or rather diverging, from *Dianna's Peak* towards the coast, where they terminate abruptly in tremendous precipices; the valleys be-

tween these are very deep. Longwood is situated on one of the ridges, and the place Napoleon chose for his body to lie in was in the valley between that and St. James's Valley, where the town is, and which, from its circular form, is called (at least near the head of it, as I said before) the Punch Bowl; the part near the sea is called Rupert's Valley. To get down to the grave a road was made from the public road, which, I forgot to mention, runs completely round the Punch Bowl, within a few feet of the summit of the hill, standing down into the valley, and commencing exactly on the side from Longwood. The troops (of which there were about 1,600) were formed from Longwood guard-house, on the bank above the road, in succession, by seniority—20th Marines, 66th St. Helena Artillery Regiment, and Volunteers on the left; eleven guns of the Royal Artillery as the firing party. We were at open orders, resting on our arms reversed, band playing the dirge. After a little time the procession appeared through the gate. First came the priest, and Henry Bertrand carrying the censor; after these, Doctor Arnot and the French doctor; next the undertakers, and then the body. The body of his own carriage had been taken off, and something like an open hearse put in its place; he was drawn by four of his own horses, with postilions in his imperial livery. There was a plain mahogany coffin; and instead of a pall, his cloak was thrown over it; on the top was a large book, with his sword lying on it. Napoleon Bertrand and the head valet walked one at each side of the hearse; six of our grenadiers, without arms, marched on each side. After the body came the led horse, beautifully caparisoned; on either side Counts Bertrand and Montholon; after them, a carriage with the Countess and two of her children in it; all the French were in black. The naval and staff military officers followed; and as soon as the whole had passed the whole of the line, we reversed arms and followed. The troops did not go into the valley, but formed on the road immediately over the grave, in the same order, resting on our arms reversed while the ceremony went on. On reaching the turning of the road leading down, the body was taken from the hearse, and carried by grenadiers of the 20th and 66th, under the command of Lieut. Connor.

"I must now describe the grave or tomb that was prepared for him. The spot he chose is in the highest extremity of a small garden, belonging to a Mr. Torbet; it is completely overhanging for a space of about thirty square yards or

more, with five or six weeping willows; on one side rises a spring of the best water in the island, and which he used every day to send for; this runs down the valley; there is no stream perceptible. Near the grave the moisture is just sufficient to keep the turf completely green and the place cool. Here the grave was dug; its interior capacity was 12 feet deep, 8 feet long, and 6 wide, surrounded by a wall about 3 feet thick all the way down, and plastered with Roman cement; about two feet from the bottom, and resting on blocks of stone, the stone coffin was laid, formed like a large stone box, with the lid open, and the lid resting on its edges; over the grave were placed beams and ropes to lower the coffin with. I must, I believe, explain it by words. At each end of the grave a triangle was erected, and a beam was laid from one to the other. Ropes, beams, and pulleys were covered with black, the grave was lined with black cloth, and the ground for about three feet round covered with it; the rest was green sod. On the wooden coffin being lowered into the stone one, the lid was shut down, and the salute fired. They next proceeded with the Roman Catholic ceremonies. A subaltern's guard was then ordered from us to take charge of the grave or tomb, and three tents were pitched for their accommodation. An immense crowd assembled to witness the ceremony, and the Punch Bowl looked like an immense amphitheatre. I gave you a wrong statement of the coffins; the first is tin; second, mahogany; third, lead; fourth, mahogany; and fifth, stone. They intended to have buried him with a silver jug of water, a plate, knife and fork, and spoon, with some of his coins; but were obliged to leave the jug, bread, sword, and cloak, not having room for them. Sir Hudson would not allow any inscription on the coffin; so it is perfectly plain. Soon after the guard went we marched off. I shall mount guard there to-morrow. The French people have laid out Bonaparte's plate, arms, clothes, &c. for us to see; we go up in about an hour to look at them. For the present, good bye.

"May 11.—We yesterday went up, my dear mother, to see the effects of this great man. His bed-rooms were arranged exactly as they used to be when he inhabited them; they were two rooms, about 14 feet by 10 each; they formed one of the wings of the house, and opened into each other at the ends; the one nearest the body of the house opened by a glass door into the gardens. He had in each room, exactly similar to each other, portable iron bedsteads, with brass laths for

the bed to rest on. The rooms were hung with white; over the fire-place, which was at the farther end of the inner room, hung the portraits of his mother, of Josephine, Jerome, and two likenesses of his son at different ages; a sofa was placed near the fire-place, and over it hung the portraits of Maria Louisa and her child, beautifully painted. As far as I could learn, he used to endeavour to hide his lowness of spirits; but after every one had left him at night, and he thought himself unobserved, it used to break out, and he would go from the sofa to one bed, and from that to another, and back to the sofa; so that he scarcely rested four hours together. His clothes were all laid out in one room; coats, breeches, hats, shirts, stockings, shoes and boots, spy-glasses, guns, pistols, cloaks, gloves, &c.; the coats were plain uniforms of different colours, no ornaments, except the star and epaulettes. I tried on one of his cocked hats; he must have had an extraordinary wide head, for it would not fit me when put on square (the way he always wore it), but did when put on fore and aft. The pistols were the most beautiful I ever saw; there was only one case; it contained two brace, beautifully inlaid with silver and gold. His horse-furniture was there also; scarlet, edged with deep gold lace. The guns were fowling-pieces of different sorts; one had been sent to him by our king. In the other rooms were the plate and china; there was one complete set of silver, a set of gold knives and forks and spoons, no plates, or anything else; of course the eagle, with the crown on his head and lightning in his grasp, was everywhere. There was a dessert and coffee service of China, the most beautiful I suppose that ever was made; on each plate was represented some action of Napoleon's; but the most curious plate of all was one with the map of France on it; each landscape and figure represented would bear the most minute inspection; on each saucer the head of some person was represented. I have as yet forgotten to mention where I am writing from. I know you admire some of the names we give places, so you shall have this.

"*Sepulchre Guard*, May 13.—It is now near nine o'clock; the wind sweeps furiously through the Punch Bowl, and rattles over poor Napoleon's grave. I have a sentry promenading each side of it; it is not yet finished. Two of the French people came to pay it a visit to-day; they deplored his loss very much; one asked me for a piece of the willow that overhangs the grave. I could not refuse it to an old servant; he divided it

with the other; they put it in the crown of their hats, thanked me very warmly, and declared it of more value than crowns of gold; they then took a drink at his well.

"*May 20.*—This I hope will go into the post this evening; I must therefore soon conclude. A miniature painter, a Mr. Rutize, has taken a very happy likeness of Napoleon after death; he intends taking it home and engraving it. I have subscribed for two copies, which I have desired to be left for my father with Mr. R. B—; I hope you will like them. The likeness was taken on the second day after his death, previous to the cast of the head being formed. Napoleon has left to Dr. Arnot, a physician of ours, who attended him, a gold snuff-box and 600 Napoleons, all nice, new-looking, yellow little fellows. I have only time to say, give my most affectionate love to my dear father, and my grandfathers in Scotland and Ireland; and ever believe me, my dearest mother, your ever affectionate son,

D. C. D.

#### MONS. CHABERT.—ORDEALS BY FIRE, &c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Monsieur Chabert having recently revived public attention to certain curious powers, either naturally possessed or artificially communicated to the human frame, and as there appears so much philosophy mixed up with common show in the exhibition of this professor of the pyrotechnic art, I presume on some account of the phenomena he exhibits being acceptable; for although much of imposition has been founded upon fiery ordeals, and much injustice perpetrated under its operation, yet the power of resisting the action of heat has been claimed, and to a certain wonderful degree enjoyed, by persons in all ages.

By the ancients and by the comparatively moderns, by Hindoos and Christians, it has been made the test of truth or the trial of faith. Sophocles mentions it in the *Antigone*; and Virgil and Varro tell us, that the priests of Apollo on Mount Soracte would walk over burning coals with naked feet. The priests of the Temple of Feronia were, according to Strabo, equally incombustible. The *Saludadores*, or *Santiguadores*, of Spain, pretended to prove their descent from St. Catherine by this ordeal; and one of them carried the jest of imposition so far, that he went into an oven and was literally baked to a cinder. The earliest instance of fire ordeal in Christendom occurred in the fourth century, when Simplicius,

bishop of Autun, and his wife (married before his promotion, and living with him after it), demonstrated the Platonic purity of their intercourse by putting burning coals upon their flesh without injury. This miracle was repeated by St. Brice about a century after; and it is generally known to what a monstrous pitch the trial by fire was carried through many succeeding ages, when craft was canonized, and innocence martyred upon frauds like these. Pope Etienne V. condemned all trials of this kind as false and superstitious, and Frederick II. prohibited them as absurd and ridiculous.

From being the object of religious belief and of judicial importance, the feats of human salamanders descended into itinerant wonders. About 1677, an Englishman, named Richardson, exhibited in Paris; and M. Dodart, an academician, published an explanation of his performances on rational principles. They seem to have been of the same nature with those of M. Chabert; chewing and swallowing burning coals, licking a hot iron with his tongue, &c. In 1754, the famous Powell, the fire-eater, distinguished himself in England, an account of whose exploits is contained in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1755; and so late as 1803, the incombustible Spaniard, Senor Lionetto, performed in Paris, where he attracted the particular attention of Dr. Semontini, professor of chemistry, and other scientific gentlemen of that city. It appears that a considerable vapour and smell rose from the parts of his body to which the fire and heated substance were applied, and in this he seems to differ from the person now in this country.

Of M. Chabert's wonderful power of withstanding the operation of the fiery element, it is in the recollection of the writer of witnessing, some few years back, this same individual (in conjunction with the no less *fire-proof* Signora Giradelli) exhibiting "extraordinary proofs of his supernatural power of resisting the most intense heat of every kind." Since which an *improvement* of a more formidable nature has to our astonished fancy been but just demonstrated. In the newspapers of the past week it is reported that he, in the first instance, refreshed himself with a hearty meal of phosphorus, which was, at his own request, supplied to him very liberally by several of his visitors, who were previously unacquainted with him. He washed down (say they)

this infernal fare with solutions of arsenic and oxalic acid; thus throwing into the back ground the long-established fame of Mithridates. He next swallowed, with great *goût*, several spoonfuls of boiling oil; and, as a dessert to this delicate repast, helped himself with his naked hand to a considerable quantity of molten lead. The experiment, however, of entering into a hot oven, together with a quantity of meat, sufficient, when cooked, to regale those of his friends who were specially invited to witness his performance, was the *chef d'œuvre* of the day. Having ordered three fagots of wood, which is the quantity generally used by bakers, to be thrown into the oven, and they being set on fire, twelve more fagots of the same size were subsequently added to them, which being all consumed by three o'clock, M. Chabert entered the oven with a dish of raw meat, and when it was sufficiently done he handed it out, took in another, and remained therein until the second quantity was also well cooked; he then came out of the oven, and sat down, continues the report, to partake, with a respectable assembly of friends, of those viands he had so closely attended during the culinary process. Publicly, on a subsequent day, and in an oven six feet by seven, and at a heat about 220, he remained till a steak was properly done, and again returned to his fiery den, and continued for a period of thirty minutes, in complete triumph over the power of an element so much dreaded by human kind, and so destructive to animal nature. It has been properly observed, that there are preparations which so indurate the cuticle, as to render it insensible to the heat of either boiling oil or melted lead; and the fatal qualities of certain poisons may be destroyed, if the medium through which they are imbibed, as we suppose to be the case here, is a strong alkali. Many experiments, as to the extent to which the human frame could bear heat, without the destruction of the vital powers, have been tried from time to time; but so far as recollection serves, Monsieur Chabert's fire-resisting qualities are greater than those professed by individuals who, before him, have undergone this species of ordeal. It was announced some time ago, in one of the French journals, that experiments had been tried with a female, whose fire-standing qualities had excited great astonishment. She, it appears, was placed



in a heated oven, into which live dogs, cats, and rabbits were conveyed. The poor animals died in a state of convulsion almost immediate, while the fire-queen bore the heat without complaining. In that instance, however, the heat of the oven was not so great as that which M. Chabert encountered.

Much of the power possessed to resist greater degrees of heat than other men may be a natural gift, much the result of chemical applications, and much from having the parts indurated by long practice; probably all three are combined in this phenomenon with some portion of artifice. Of the recipes for rendering the skin and flesh fire-proof, Albertus Magnus, in his work *De Mirabilis Mundi*, writes, "Take juice of marsh-mallow, and white of egg, and flea-hane seeds, and lime; powder them, and mix juice of radish with the white of egg; mix all thoroughly, and with this composition anoint your body or hand, and allow it to dry, and afterwards anoint it again, and after this you may boldly take up hot iron without hurt." Such a paste would, indeed, be very visible. "Pure spirit of sulphur," rubbed on the parts, is said to have been the secret practised by Richardson. "Spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion-juice," is another of the recipes. The book of *Hecus Pocus* prescribes, in letting out the secret, "one half ounce of camphire, dissolved in two ounces of aquavite; add one ounce of quicksilver, one ounce of liquid storax, which is the droppings of myrrh, and hinders the camphire from firing; take also two ounces hematatis, which is a red stone, to be had at the druggists, which, being put to the above composition, anoint well your feet with it, and you may walk over a red hot bar without the least inconvenience." No doubt but diluted sulphuric, nitric, or muriatic acid, or a saturated solution of burnt alum, being repeatedly rubbed on the skin, will render it less sensible to the action of caloric. Hard soap, or a soap paste, rubbed over the tongue, will preserve it from being burnt by a hot iron rapidly passed over it; for be it observed, the performer's contact with the hottest instruments is but momentary; and it is well known that blacksmiths, plumbers, glass-makers, and others, whose occupations lead them to the endurance of great fires, are capable of sustaining heat far beyond the powers of other men. Moisture, too, skilfully

employed, will do much in preserving the flesh from danger. A wet finger may be safely dipped into a pan of boiling sugar, and even without being wet, if instantly withdrawn and plunged into water; a thin crust of sugar may be thus without danger obtained.

It is thus evident, that whatever there may be of dexterity and deception in these performances, there is still enough of the curious to merit attention; and that habit is most conceivable to be the principal agent in the attainment of the very considerable insensibility to heat.

F. R. Y.

N.B. Mr. Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, says, "Among other perplexing circumstances in my administration of justice at Dhuby, I was sometimes obliged to admit of the ordeal trial. In the first instance, a man was accused of stealing a child covered with jewels, which is a common mode of adorning infants among the wealthy Hindoos. Many circumstances appeared against him; on which he demanded the ordeal. It was a measure to which I was very averse; but at the particular request of the Hindoo arbitrators, who sat on the carpet of justice, and especially at the earnest entreaty of the child's parents, I consented. A cauldron of boiling oil was brought into the durbah, and, after a short ceremony by the Brahmins, the accused person, without showing any anxiety, dipped his hand to the bottom, and took out a small silver coin, which I still preserve in remembrance of this transaction. He did not appear to have sustained any damage, or to suffer the smallest pain; but the process went no further, as the parents declared themselves perfectly convinced of his innocence."

### CARLTON PALACE AND THE ROOKERY.

(For the Mirror.)

"Fluttering there they nestle near the throne,  
And lodge in habitations not their own."

DEYDEN.

IN the intended improvements on the site of Carlton Palace, &c. the famous rookery will be destroyed. It is hoped some humane member of the new parliament will apply for a Compensation Act for the losses that will be sustained by the rooks, who have long inhabited the gardens at the back of Carlton Palace. Where will they rest their heads after

the destruction of the nests, which time hath granted to them and their heirs? The British parliament is generous in its acts, and must find shelter for this injured race, or they will attack the nearest rookery, and civil war will reign among this numerous feathered, or rather *unfeathered* tribe. Necessity will be their law, for

—————"Improvement thickens,  
And makes wing to the rookery wood."

SHAKESPEARE.

The tender sparrows that have built their nests in the capitals of the Corinthian pillars, which form the lofty and highly enriched portico, must fly for safety, and seek in the wilds or bosom of nature some abode (where they will find

—————"A soft retreat  
From sudden April showers, a shelter from  
the heat)" DAYDEN.

more secure than that amidst the palaces of kings.

Carlton House was a palace belonging to the crown, and presented by his late majesty, George III., to our present most gracious king, when Prince of Wales, on his coming of age, for his public town residence. The old building being out of repair, it was judged proper by parliament to erect the present noble edifice in its room; and Mr. Holland had the honour of being appointed the architect. Amid the curiosity and interest raised by a view of Carlton Palace, nothing can exceed that which is excited by a view of the armory; this valuable and unique collection is a museum, not of arms only, but of various works of art, dresses, &c. Here are swords of every country, many of which are curious and valuable from having belonged to eminent men. The finest in the collection is one of excellent workmanship, which once belonged to the celebrated *Hampden*; it was executed by Benvenuto Cellini, a celebrated Florentine, who was much employed by Francis I. and Pope Clement VII. The ornaments of the hilt and ferrule of the scabbard of this curious sword are in basso-relievo in bronze, and are intended to illustrate the life of David; it is kept with the greatest care in a case lined with satin. Here are also the swords of the Chevalier Bayard, the Duke of Marlborough, and a *couteau de Chasse* used by Charles XII, of Sweden. "But it would be impossible (says a writer in *Ackermann's Microcosm*) to notice a hundredth part of what is interesting in this collection;" therefore to attempt to describe its rarities within the limits of a "two-penny MIRROR" would be useless.

P. T. W.

#### THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN.

(For the Mirror.)

O saw you the Maid with the sorrow-dimm'd eye?  
Or saw you the Lord of the Abbey hasty by?  
He's gone for a *license* both distant and wide,  
But the Maid of Mount Mora will ne'er be a  
Bride.

O saw you the lilies so pale on her face,  
The lilies that late of the roses took place?  
Or heard you a sigh from her white bosom rise?  
Oh, then, 'twas for one that was dear in her eyes!

The Lord of the Abbey, that dear one has slain,  
Yet proffers her *marriage*, but proffers in vain;  
Her hand, like her heart, is another's avow'd,  
And ere he *returns*, will be cold in her shroud.

The drop, spare a tear for the Maiden that  
weeps?

And spare, breathe a sigh, for the lover that  
sleeps!

The Lord has rode off for a *priest* and the ring,  
But *Death* is the *Bridegroom* her requiem will  
sing.

#### A FLORENTINE TALE.

A FLORENTINE officer and a young lady of the same city became deeply attached to each other; and on the officer being suddenly obliged to join his regiment, at their last parting both made a vow of eternal fidelity.

Some time had now elapsed, when the lady, sitting musing one evening, was startled by the solemn toll of a bell; she turned, and beheld the spirit of her lover, disfigured by wounds, who told her he had fallen in an action, but was permitted to visit her; and that his visits should always be announced by the toll of a bell, and the words, "Mina, I am here!"

He visited her so often, that at last all dread of his appearance wore off, and she fancied herself as much in love with the spirit as with the man; however, one evening she was invited to a ball, where she met a rich young nobleman, who fell deeply in love with her; they danced together all the evening, and she listened complacently to the flatteries he softly whispered, and at last consented to receive his addresses. She had scarcely done so, when a bell tolled, which was the signal of the spirit's appearance; but she was so occupied, listening to her new lover, that she heard it not; it tolled a second time, the music and dancing stopped for an instant, but thinking it fancy, proceeded; the third time it tolled, but so deeply, that all were startled, and the music ceased. Mina, turning, saw the spirit of the officer between her and her new lover, it said, with a melancholy voice, "Mina, I am here; remember your oath!" and disappeared. She instantly fell, and rose no more.

CARLOS.



## LOVE'S CONFESSION.

*(For the Mirror.)*

SAY, what can eloquence avail,  
To grace the ardent lover's tale;  
Since love on his fond purpose bent,  
In silence—is most eloquent!  
And when o'er some bright face he flings  
The shadow of his rosy wings,  
That sudden flush of soft expression  
To lovers is their love's confession!

What need of studied phrase to tell  
What mutual hearts can feel so well;  
Since on the sigh that wantons near,  
And only heard by love's quick ear,  
A thousand tender vows can wing,  
To hush the bosom's fluttering;  
Then, is not that soft sigh, expression  
To lovers—of their love's confession!

Why should we teach the plaint tongue  
Those tales by love-lorn minstrels sung;  
They cannot paint its pain so well  
As the bright glist'ning tear's sweet spell,  
A gem of nature from the heart  
That owns no studied form of art:  
O! sure that silent tear's expression  
To lovers is their love's confession!

Or what can picture mutual bliss  
When passion sleeps with happiness!  
And every boding fear is o'er,  
And hope has nought to whisper more;  
What eloquence can match the smile  
That decks the glowing face the while;  
And by its rapture-tinged expression,  
To lovers is their love's confession!

WILMINGTON FLEMING.

## PIG POINTER.—ANIMAL INSTINCT.

A sow, which was a thin, long-eared animal, one of the ugliest of the New Forest breed, when very young, took a great partiality to some pointer puppies the gamekeeper of Sir John Mildmay was breaking. It played and often fed with them. From this circumstance, "it occurred to him," to use his own expression, that "having broken many a dog as obstinate as a pig, he would try if he could not also succeed in breaking a pig." The little animal would often go out with the puppies to some distance from home; he enticed her farther by a sort of pudding made of barley-meal, which he carried in one of his pockets, and whenever she misbehaved, as he was not able to catch and correct her in the same manner that he did his dogs, he threw stones at her.

By this means he found the creature very tractable, and soon taught her what he wished. She quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood when she came on game, (having an excellent nose), and backed dogs as well as a pointer. When she came on the cold

scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees, on which she would remain five minutes and upwards on the point; as soon as the game rose she always returned to the keeper, grunting very loudly for her reward of pudding. After the death of the keeper, the pig was kept for three years but never used, except for the purpose of occasional amusement. To accomplish this, a fowl was put into a cabbage net and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park, and the extraordinary animal never failed to point to it in the manner before described.

A circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life afterwards took place. A great number of lambs had been lost nearly as soon as they were dropped, and on a person being sent to watch the flock, the sow was detected in the very act of devouring one. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with dogs, and eat the flesh on which they were fed. The *pig-pointer* was therefore sold to a butcher in the New Forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.

Thus, Mr. Editor, we may observe that the "learned pig," exhibited sometime since in London, was not the only wonderful instance of the unusual docility of the species.

W. H. S.

## A NEW EPOCH IN MODERN LITERATURE.

*(For the Mirror.)*

ENGLAND hath witnessed many changes since her invasion by Julius Cæsar, she has been exposed to a variety of revolutions, she has struggled beneath the conflictious sovereignty of a train of petty princes uniting together, and forming links in one great chain, she has combated them all and succeeded in amalgamating herself into one vast island, which is now, perhaps, neither excelled nor equalled in any quarter of the globe. Her political revolutions have excited the astonishment of Europe, while she is the only nation whom it has appeared impossible to destroy by the force of civil war. Like the infant phoenix rising from the ashes of its parent, England has acquired fresh glory from every vicissitude; amidst the splendour of conquest, the dear bought trophies of desolated cities and the hard earned laurels of patriotic zeal, I challenge any one to produce an epoch in the British history so gratifying to the feelings of a true Englishman as

the present. Whoever duly appreciates the advantages of education must hail the Mechanics' Institution as a scheme most praiseworthy in itself, and likely to be attended with incalculable benefits to the community. We have heard of numberless inventions within the last half century, which reflect credit on the talents of the projectors, but which are unfortunately, many of them productive of injurious consequences to society. Where is the man who can adduce the possibility of ill effects from a system of general education? will it not provide a mode for passing time hitherto unknown to the mechanic and industrious artisan? are not the advantages to be derived from so abundant a vehicle of information, superior to the amusements of the gaming table, where exclusive of pecuniary losses, the worst associations are contracted? are we not indebted to the labours of the handicraftsman for every manual preparation we possess, and does not gratitude require we should repay that debt by some more substantial acknowledgment than merely what they demand from us for the trouble we have given? It was for the nineteenth century to institute a plan for ameliorating the condition of the humbler classes, for improving their mental faculties, and recreating their leisure hours. It is with pride and pleasure I repeat that those pre-eminent advantages which were unattended to in the warm engagements of the field, have been reserved for a season of peace and unanimity—that the uncomplying spirit of party faction will here have no ground-work on which to found an objection, will, I think, be maintained after the command which has emanated from a high quarter, that no religious or political disquisitions shall interfere with an association purely intended for scientific purposes. I will conclude with a prophecy which I hope to see realized; that within another half century, England will produce no instance of an individual of either sex who cannot read or write. I hope it as an encouragement to the working class, and I expect it with some degree of confidence from the illustrious station and respectable abilities of those who are exerting themselves on so memorable an occasion.

#### PHILOCOSMOS.

#### FUNERAL OF C. M. VON WEBER.

THE funeral of this celebrated composer, of whom we have given copious memoirs,\* took place on Wednesday, June the 21st at the Catholic chapel in Moorfields. It

was expected that the ceremony would have been performed on the previous Friday, but owing to unforeseen obstacles, it was unavoidably postponed until the day mentioned. It was the intention of the committee to have sold tickets, in order to raise a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his funeral, and to erect a monument to his memory. In this, however, (upon application to the Catholic bishop) they were disappointed, as he would not permit any money to be paid for admission except the usual charge made to non-subscribers to the chapel; nor would he allow more than twenty performers, including both vocal and instrumental. The committee then applied to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, but they would not suffer any instrumental performance in the cathedral, except the organ. They then resolved to bury him in a private manner, each person attending the funeral subscribing a guinea and a half, the committee taking upon themselves to make up the deficiency.

Although the funeral was not very generally known, yet several persons were assembled at the doors of the chapel at an early hour, and after the subscribers were admitted, the doors were thrown open to the public, upon payment of the usual fee of one shilling each person. The procession left the house of Sir George Smart, in Portland-street, at a quarter past nine, in the following order:

Conductors on horseback.

Mutes. Feathers. Mutes.

#### THE HEARSE.

drawn by six horses, over which was a velvet pall with the armorial bearings of the deceased.

Mourning coach drawn by four horses, containing Sir G. Smart, Mr. Furstenau, Dr. Kind, and Dr. Goschen.

The procession was then closed by mourning coaches and private carriages, containing several persons of distinction in the musical world. Sir George Smart, as the most intimate friend of M. Von Weber, was in the first coach, as chief mourner, with Mr. Furstenau, professor of the flute, who came with M. Von Weber from Dresden, Dr. Kind, his physician, and Mr. Goschen, a gentleman to whom M. Von Weber was much attached. In the other coaches were the following individuals, viz.—Messrs. C. Kemble, Fawcett, Cramer, (master of the king's private band), Haviland, Burke, Robertson, Olivier, Planche, Liverati; Capt. Forbes; Messrs. Savary, Braham, Moscheles, Dr. Almaine, Collard, Chappell, Willis, Power, Sir J. A. Stevenson, Mr. Aders, Mr. Gieve; Messrs. Duruset,

\* See MIRROR, Nos. 187 and 201.

Robson, Shield, Webbe, C. Clementi, Major, Linley, Pegler, C. Horn, Cahusac, Rodwell, Horsley, Stumpff, Schlesinger, Burrowes, Paine, T. Cooke, Wordsworth, Rovedino, Ward, Walmsley, Hodsoll, J. B. Cramer, Kiesewetter. The private carriages which attended were those of Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, Mr. J. S. Willett, and Mr. Aders.

At half-past ten o'clock, the procession arrived at the Catholic chapel in Moorfields. Long before that time, those seats not appropriated to the subscribers had been gradually filling by persons attracted as visitors to so novel and interesting a ceremony, so that when the time arrived for its commencement, the whole of the interior, which it is said will accommodate 2,000 individuals, was fully occupied. The pulpit and the altar were covered with black cloth, and the gallery in which the organ is placed, was filled with vocal and instrumental performers. On the altar and at the sides were large waxen tapers, and lamps burning. The priest, the deacon, and sub-deacon, with the acolytes, (boys arrayed in the sacerdotal costume, who assist on such occasions), were waiting the approach of the body, and when the coffin with the procession appeared at the grand entrance, advanced to meet them. As the whole moved slowly through the principal aisle, the band commenced the opening movement of Mozart's *Requiem*,\* the words of which are as follows:—

"Requiem æternam dona eis, domine,  
Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

The slow movement and fugue, which justly number among the master-pieces of musical composition, were both sung in full chorus, and, deriving an increased effect from the solemnity of the occasion, became almost sublime. The mourners having taken their seats during this performance, and the coffin being placed on a platform prepared for its reception, the priest chanted the introductory prayers prescribed for the occasion under the Roman ritual, the responses being made from the full choir in the gallery. The orchestra then commenced the celebrated *Dies iræ, dies illa*, of the *Requiem*, which, with the succeeding movements, is intended as a description of the day of judgment. The appeals for mercy, the triumph of the just, and the despair of the guilty, are depicted in glowing colours. The mind of the composer was evidently absorbed by the awful nature of his subject. As instances of musical power in

this noble work, few exceed the *Rex tremendæ majestatis*, and the dying away of the choir into the passage, *Salva me fons pietatis*. But the *Ricordare*, the movement *Confutatis maledictis*, describing the punishment of the wicked, and the *Lachrymosa dies illa*, are characterized by the most original and profound conceptions. After the last movement, the priest's functions, and those of his assistants, were resumed, and at various intervals between other portions of the *Requiem* the burning of incense, the sprinkling with holy water, and the elevation of the host, took place, attended with the various ceremonies peculiar to the Roman Catholic church. After the concluding pieces of the *Requiem*, the *Sanctus*, the *Benedictus*, and the *Agnus Dei*, had been performed, and the prayers brought to a conclusion, the body was conveyed from the chapel into the vaults below, the orchestra playing the *Dead March in Saul*. The whole of the previous ceremony had been read in Latin, but in depositing the corpse in the vaults a few prayers were recited in English. With these ended the whole of the ritual, which occupied full an hour and a half, and the mourners then left the chapel in the same order as they came.

Of the musical performance it is but justice to say, that a feeling of the solemnity of the occasion, and of respect for its object, appeared to animate every part of it. The principal singers were Miss Cubitt, Miss Povey, Miss Betts, Miss Andrews, and Miss Farrar; Messrs. Braham, Pyne, Evans, Pinto, and Phillips, assisted by the choir of the Catholic chapel. Many members of the Philharmonic Society offered their assistance, as did the whole band of Covent-garden Theatre; but from the limited space allotted them by the minister of the chapel, to avoid interfering with the privileges of the subscribers, the committee could not avail themselves of one-half the musical aid proffered them.

The following inscription was on the plate of the coffin:—

CAROLUS MARIA FREYHERR VON  
WEBER,  
nuper

Præfectus musicorum Sacelli regii  
apud Regem Saxonum.

Natus urbe Eutin, inter Saxones

Die 16 Decembris, 1786.

Mortuus Londini

Die 5 Junii, 1826.

Anno quadragesimo

Ætatis sue.

A subscription has been offered to defray the expense of a monument to the

\* For an interesting account of the circumstances which gave rise to this celebrated composition, see the MIRROR, No. 125.

memory of this celebrated man, which we hope will be speedily accomplished.

S. D.

### ANECDOTES OF DR. PARR.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The authenticity of the following anecdotes, &c. of the late Dr. Parr, may be depended upon, as they were communicated to me by a person who was well acquainted with him.

The doctor and his lady had occasionally divers little bickerings, as the lady did not approve of his expending so much of his money on "dusty tomes of ancient lore," and Parr would be accountable to no one. The chairs of the library had been in a sad condition, indeed there was no ground to hope for a secure seat in them; they threatened the incumbent with a downfall, which, though it might not create such a sensation in the world, as the falling of a kingdom, "the crash of a state," yet would, perhaps, be very serious to the suffering person. Mrs. Parr, therefore, one morning in the library, took occasion to accost the doctor, "Mr. Parr, we should have new chairs for the library, they are in a very *sad way*;" "I cannot afford it, Mrs. Parr," replied the doctor. "Not afford it," returned the lady, "when you can give ten guineas for a musty book, which you never open."—"I tell you I cannot afford it," vociferated the doctor. "Not afford it," said the lady, "when your *renis* are coming in so fast," pointing to the garments of her spouse, which were in as much need of repair as the library chairs. The doctor, touched by this stroke of humour, applied immediately both to the cabinet-maker and the tailor. The doctor was exceedingly fond of mutton, and indeed never failed to do justice to the dinner of whatever it might be composed; nothing, however, afforded him greater pleasure than to be seated at table near a shoulder of mutton, he would then take four plates, and drawing one near him, place the other three in a semi-circle round him, he would fill all the plates with the choice bits, and then push the joint from him, saying he had enough.

He was very particular concerning the airing of his night caps (of which he wore several) and no company would deter him from placing them himself before the fire in the parlour, that he might be assured they were not neglected.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LINKUM FIDELIUS.

### THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF MUSIC.\*

(For the Mirror.)

Music the fiercest griefs can charm;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please.

IN the history of the Academy of Sciences, there is an account of a musician who was cured of a violent fever by a concert at his bed side. In the reign of Henry III. of France, the musician Claude de Jeune, playing at the nuptials of the Duke de Joyeuse in the phrygian mode,† animated, not the king, but a courtier, who forgot himself so far as to put his hand to his sword in the presence of his sovereign; but the musician hastening to calm him, had recourse to the hypo-phrygian mode. Boyle mentions some females, who burst into tears when they heard a certain tune, which had no uncommon effect on the rest of the audience. Rousseau says, "that he knew at Paris a woman of condition, who could not hear any kind of music without being seized with an involuntary and violent fit of laughter." Plato says, no change can be made in music without affecting the constitution of the state; and pretends that there are sounds which excite meanness of soul, insolence, and their contrary virtues. Polybius tells us, that music was necessary to soften the manners of the Arcadians, who inhabited a country where the air was cold and impure; that those of Cynethia, who neglected music, surpassed all the Greeks in cruelty, and that there was no city in which so many crimes had been committed. Music made part of the study of the Pythagoreans, who used it to inspire the heart with laudable actions, and to inflame it with the love of virtue. According to these philosophers, our soul was in a manner composed of harmony; and Dryden in modern days, says,

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began;  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man.

Some authors tell us, that music acts upon inanimate bodies. Norhoff mentions a certain Dutchman, of the name of Pettor, who broke a glass by the sound of his voice. Kircher speaks of a great stone, which vibrated at the sound of a certain organ pipe. Boyle says, that the stalls tremble often at the sound of the organ in a cathedral; that he has felt them tremble under his hand at the sound

\* For a copious history of music, see Vol. VI. of the MIRROR.

† Ardent, fierce, impetuous, vehement, and terrible.

of an organ or a voice; and that he has been assured, that those which were firmly put together, vibrated at some determined tone. There is a famous pillar in the church at Rheims, which trembles sensibly at the sound of a certain bell, while the other pillars remain motionless.

Sir Everard Home says, "the effect of the high notes of the piano-forte upon the great lion in Exeter 'Change, only called his attention, which was very great. He remained silent and motionless; but no sooner was the flat notes sounded, than he sprang up and endeavoured to break loose, lashed his tail, and appeared to be enraged and furious, so much so, as to alarm the female spectators. This was accompanied with the deepest yells, which ceased with the music." The effects of high and low notes were likewise tried on an elephant, by playing on the piano-forte and French horn; when the upper notes of the piano-forte scarcely attracted the attention of the animal, but the lower notes excited and retained it. The full sound of the French horn produced the same result. Sir Everard Home proves that the membrana tympania of the elephant is muscular as well as this membrane in the human subject, but from the great difference in its form and structure in the elephant, compared with that of the human ear, it is obvious that the animal cannot adapt its ear to musical sounds as the human ear can, the fibres being of various lengths. P.

### HAMPSTEAD.

(For the Mirror.)

HAMPSTEAD, for its beautiful situation and the fine views which it commands of the metropolis, and the surrounding country, as far as the eye can reach, is one of the most pleasant villages, in my humble estimation, near London. It is, perhaps, in its natural beauties, equal to Richmond.\* The most pleasant walk to Hampstead (and I would recommend walking to those who are in love with the charms of nature,) is over Primrose hill, a spot which formerly bounded the rustic excursions of many hundred persons, while the summer continued, from London. In my early days, a walk over this interesting hill to Hampstead, or to the woods near Caen Wood, constituted my sole delight. Often, while a boy, have I been bewildered amidst the mazes and thickets in the vicinity of Caen Wood; sometimes accompanied by my fishing tackle, (for the ponds at Hampstead afford excellent fish), sometimes

rambling at large from sunrise to sunset, in the expectation of meeting with a nest of young goldfinches, in which, however, I was more than once disappointed; though I frequently waded through little streams, and more frequently tore my clothes in climbing trees, or in examining some neighbouring thicket in quest of my prey. On one of these juvenile occasions, I think I might have exclaimed with the discomfited Hermia, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,  
I can no further crawl, no further go,

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Enough of my boyish recollections, for the present, at least.

What lover of nature has visited Hampstead who was not delighted with the variety of beautiful scenery which it presents? From Shepherd's Fields, we may distinctly see the proud castle of Windsor, frowning majestically on the country around; the stately pile at Hampton Court, Leith Hill, and a thousand intervening objects over a space of twenty miles. From the west end road, you may see the whole amphitheatre of the Surrey and Kentish hills, including our metropolis. From this spot, too, may be traced the winding course of father Thames; and the ships, if you use your telescope, may be seen on their courses up and down the river.

The locality of Hampstead recommends it to the inhabitants of London as a charming place of retreat, during the summer months; and a few years since, this village was held in such estimation, as to be chosen as a place of retirement by many respectable Londoners, who, having given up business, were resolved to close the remainder of their days in peace. Hampstead, therefore, abounds in beautiful villas, enclosures, and elegant mansions. The Earl of Mansfield's is not unworthy of notice.

Caen Wood, the once favourite retreat of the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and residence of the present Earl of that name, would, I am sure, prove highly interesting, could admission be obtained. The house is finished in the best style of architecture; and there are some good paintings by Zuccherro, Cipriani, Angelica Kauffman, Martin, and various other distinguished artists. The pleasure grounds have every advantage that can be derived from a good situation, aided by art; and the lodge at the Kentish Town entrance, from its beauty and simplicity, is deserving of admiration.

G. W. N.

\* For the leading beauties of Richmond, see *Mirror*, No. 184.

## CHERRY RIPE.

THE Song of Cherry-ripe, rendered so popular by being introduced into the play of *Paul Pry*, is very old, and was written by Robert Herrick, who lived in the reign of Charles I.—The following is a copy of it, verbatim, from his poems:—

"Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, (I cry)  
Full and fair ones; come, and buy!  
If so be you ask me, where  
They do grow? I answer, there  
Where my Julia's lips do smile;  
There's the land, or cherry isle;  
Whose plantations fully show,  
All the year, where cherries grow."

## The Selector;

OR,  
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

TENDERNESS TOWARDS  
ANIMALS.

THE tenderness evinced by the Orientals towards animals is strikingly illustrated by the following fable of what occurred to a Persian Guebre, or fire-worshipper:—

"Carried by an angel, says the fable, to a spot whence he beheld the place of torment of the wicked, and informed by the angel of the various reasons for the various conditions in which he saw the several sufferers, his attention was at length particularly caught by the situation of a man, whose whole naked body was surrounded by raging flames, with the single exception of his left foot! "And what," said the prophet to the angel, "what, my lord, is the cause of that particular exception?"—"The man whom thou beholdest," returned the angel, "was in his life-time a wicked king. His oppression of his subjects was grievous, and thou seest how he suffereth for his guilt! But, one day, that miserable tyrant (tyrant though he was) walked near to a sheep-cote, where it chanced that he saw a lamb tethered to a stake, and was hungering after the remainder of a parcel of hay which had been placed near it, but of which it had already consumed all that was within its reach. The wicked prince feeling, upon that occasion, one emotion of pity, stretched out his left foot, and pushed the hay within the reach of the lamb! Thou perceivest, then, O prophet, how surely thy God remembereth every deed of mercy among all the sons of men; how he loveth all his creatures, and how he beareth in mind every act of love which is performed for them! A single act of mercy, bestowed upon a hungry lamb, has saved from the flames of hell the left foot even of a wicked tyrant!"

—*Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master.*

## EXCHANGING CARDS.

MR. RICHARD REYNOLDS, who had the ill manners to come into the world before his brother the dramatist who relates his adventures, was one day preparing to go to a dinner-party in Pall Mall, when he received a letter brought by a porter from an anonymous writer, informing him that a Captain Smith had been called a black leg at the Bedford, by a person who, the captain was informed, was Mr. Richard Reynolds. With the advice of his father, however, Mr. R. did not notice this letter, but proceeded to join the party to which he had been invited.

After dinner, Mr. Reynolds, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," accompanied his host to his box at the opera. For a short time, the dancing of Baccelli solely engaged Richard's attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn, by something in the adjoining box far more attractive. This something was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles ———, a baronet of fashion and fortune. At her Richard gazed, and glanced, and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself not only ridiculously conspicuous to the object of his idolatry, but to her whole party; amongst which, was rather a rare character at the opera,—a loving, jealous husband.

The ballet being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed at a respectful distance by the enamoured, tipsy Richard. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his fair inamorata, when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her party. "Seizing the golden opportunity," Richard gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handed her into her carriage; when forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step, with the intention of accompanying her.

At this unlucky moment "the green-eyed monster," the furious husband, darted forward, and grasped his arm; high words ensued; and cards were exchanged, Richard putting into his pocket that of Sir Charles ———, Lower Grosvenor-street, and the husband putting into his pocket that of "Mr. Richard Reynolds, John-street, Adelphi." After this preamble, to another exchange, I mean to that of shots, Sir Charles ———, instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

The disappointed Richard, in the interim, also attempted to bend his way homewards, but from the increasing



effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time in St. James's-square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition, a watchman discovered him, and after several vain attempts to awaken him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairman of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. Into this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart, when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he, and where is the direction post?"

"True, Pbelim," added his brother in portage, "at this rate, we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser."

"Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honies," replied the watchman; "but if, on searching him, I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the powers I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night."

The search commenced—no letter—no memorandum—poor Richard was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered, and by the light of his lantern, the watchman read aloud, "Sir Charles —, Lower Grosvenor-street." This was the passport, and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

Arriving in the above-mentioned street at one o'clock in the morning, with the supposed baronet, (and drawn blinds, to prevent an exposition of his humiliating situation,) the chairman knocked, and a servant appeared. On their inquiry, whether that were the house of Sir Charles —, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The Paddies explained to the servant how and where they found his master, and showed his card.

As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant, alarmed, feared to disturb the baronet, till he had received the instructions of her ladyship; who having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room. The servant therefore sent one of her women to inform her of his master's arrival, and then, with the assistance of the chairman, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below to wait for further orders.

The minor performers having left the stage, the principal now remained solus. My brother having awakened, raised the lid of the chair, and finding himself housed, at first naturally thought some

kind person had conducted him home—but great were both his surprise and alarm, when he discovered that he was in a strange house.

Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard a loud knocking at the street-door, and at the same instant the loved cause of his pursuit, the identical fair one of the Opera, rushed into the room. Breathless with joy and astonishment, he stood motionless; when the baronet's wife, deceived by the imperfect light of a single wax-taper, and half blinded by her agitation, rushed into her supposed husband's arms, who, "nothing loth," was about to return her embrace, when, lo! the real husband entered, and stood aghast. Rage deprived him of utterance; his wife, confounded by the error, seized her husband's hand, and wept in silent entreaty; while Richard, completely sobered, explained and apologized.

By degrees the baronet yielded to the naiveté of my brother's account, his own reflections, and the corroborating testimony of the chairmen; when suddenly his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed—"This is not the only provocation I have received from you. Do you know a Captain Smith, Sir?"—"I have heard," replied my brother, "of such a man this evening, for the —." "Hear me then, Sir!" interrupted the impetuous baronet: "passing up St. James's-street not half an hour ago, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pickpockets, he would not leave me till he was informed where he was to call to return his thanks. I gave him my own address, as I thought, but unluckily it proved to be your card. He had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he cried—"So, Sir, I have found you at last!" and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when fortunately for both parties, a friend explained to him his error; otherwise, Sir, there I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am here for the unexpected pleasure of his company."

To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone all further discussion till the morrow; Richard pledging his honour that the baronet should then one way or another have satisfaction. My brother kept his word, for having gone to the Bedford, and learned from Captain Smith himself, that another Mr. Richard Reynolds had been his traducer, he and the captain proceeded together to Grosvenor-street; where, instead of the anticipated exchange of shots, they ex-

changed apologies, and there the matter amicably terminated."—*Reynolds' Life and Times.*

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wootton.

#### EPITAPH

*In the parish church of Sheffield, in memory of Richard Smith, who died April 6, 1756, aged 52.*

AT thirteen years I went to sea  
To try my fortune there,  
But lost my friend, which put an end  
To all my interest there—  
Then to land I came  
As 'twere by chance,  
At twenty then I taught to dance,  
But yet unsettled in my mind,  
To something else I was inclin'd;  
At thirty-five I laid dancing down,  
To be a bookseller in this town,  
Where I continued without strife  
Till death deprived me of my life;  
Vain world, to thee I bid farewell,  
To rest within this silent cell,  
Till the great God shall summons all,  
To answer His majestic call,  
The Lord have mercy on us all.

#### EPITAPH

*In the north aisle of St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate. A Remembrance of Thomas Bvaby, Cooper and Citizen of London, who departed this life in Ano 1575, and buried heare the xi of July.*

THIS Bvaby willing to relieve the poore  
with fire and with breade,  
Did give that hovse in which he dyd,  
then called the queenes heade,  
Foure full loades of ye best charcoale he  
would have bought ech yeare  
And fortie dosen of wheaten breade, for  
poore howsholders heare,  
To see these things distribvted this Bvaby  
pvt in trust,  
The Vicar & Chvrchwardenes thinking  
them to be jvst.  
God grante that poore howsholders heare  
may thankfull be for svch,  
So God will move ye heartes of moe, to  
do for them as mvch,  
And let this goode example move svch  
men as God as blest  
To do the like before they goe with  
Bvaby to their reste  
Within this chappell Bvaby's bones in  
dvst awhile doth stay,  
Till he that made them, raise them vp to  
live with Christ for aye.

### CANDIDATES.

A CANDIDATE for an office among the Romans, was called *candidatus*, because he wore a long white robe. We retain the word, but have given up the robe.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On Saturday next, the 8th of July, the first Number of a new Volume of the MIRROR will be published. It will be enriched with two fine engravings, and will contain a great variety of original and other interesting matter, such as we trust will ensure us the patronage of all our old friends, and a large accession of new subscribers.

On the same day will be published (price two-pence) a Supplementary Number of the MIRROR, containing the Title, Preface, and Index to the present Volume. The Supplementary Number will be embellished with a beautiful Portrait, engraved on steel, and Memoir of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

The suggestion of *Edgar* shall be attended to; the work to which he alludes is not mislaid; we intend to copy an article or two from it when it shall be returned.

The favours of *Janet*, *F. R. Y.*, *G. W. N.*, *Guibert*, *W. C.*, have been received, and shall have early insertion; some of their communications shall appear in our next.

The "*Boyne Water*," a Tale, by the O'Hara Family, in our next.

*Utopia* has been received.

Several communications from *P. T. W.*, *Jacobus*, and many of our early Correspondents, which have been in our hands some months, shall have early insertion, though we cannot fix the time. Our object is to pay as much and as equal attention to our Correspondents as their great number will permit us to do. It, however, frequently happens, that articles on temporary subjects, or subjects that excite interest at the time, have a precedence over those of a general nature, though they may have been longer in our hands. Attention to the topics of the day is necessary, in order to "catch the manners living as they rise."

We are much obliged to Mr. Burden for the loan of his work; but later publications give at least a more new account of the subject.

The view of *Corfe Castle* is still intended to appear; there is, however, some difficulty in making it from the drawing sent to us.

Our opinion is unchanged as to *Life at Boulogne*, and the other articles sent by *W. J.*; this we say without any reference to their merit, which we admit. They shall be left for *W. J.* at our publisher's early in the week.

The Greek *Soux*, by *††*, is not quite worthy of the cause.

*Julia Isabella Albemarle* will, in a week, see her most important wish has been anticipated.

To many of our Correspondents, who wish us to increase the quantity of poetry in our MIRROR, we must say, that if we know the taste of our readers, we insert as much as is acceptable.

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